

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY

### A SWEETLY BEAUTIFUL POEM.

Who wrote the following exquisite lines we do not know, but whoever did need never write anything else to convince the world that he or she is a poet of the sweetest and tenderest thoughts in the language. We think we have never read anything so delicious, so entirely beautiful.

"I am weary of the Garden,  
Said the Rose:  
For the winter winds are sighing,  
All my playmates round me dying,  
And my leaves will soon be lying  
Neath the snows."  
"But I hear my Mistress coming,  
Said the Rose:  
She will take me to her chamber,  
Where the honeysuckle clamor,  
And I'll bloom there all December  
Spite of snows."  
"Sweeter fell her lily finger,  
Than the Bee:  
Ah, how feebly I resisted,  
Smoothed my thorns and e'en assisted,  
As all blushing I was twisted,  
Off my tree."  
"And she fixed me in her bosom,  
Like a star:  
And I flashed there all the morning,  
Jasmine, honeysuckle morning,  
Parishes forever fawning  
That they are."  
"And when evening came she sat me  
In a vase:  
All of rare and radiant metal,  
And I felt her red lips settle,  
On my leaves till each proud petal  
Touched her face."  
"And I shone about her slumber  
Like a light:  
And I said, instead of weeping,  
In the garden vigil keeping,  
Here I'll watch my mistress sleeping,  
Every night."  
"But when morning with its sunbeams  
Sifted down:  
In the mirror where she braided  
Her brown hair, I saw how faded,  
Old and colorless and faded,  
I had grown."  
"Not a drop of dew was on me,  
Never one:  
From my leaves no odor started,  
All my perfume had departed,  
I lay pale and broken-hearted  
In the sun."  
"Still I said, her smile is better  
Than the rain:  
Though my fragile lips forsake me,  
To her bosom still will take me,  
And with crimson kisses make me  
Young again."  
"So she took me—gazed a second—  
Half a sigh—  
Then, alas! can hearts so harden?  
Without ever asking pardon,  
Threw me back into the garden,  
There to die."  
"The jealous garden glories  
In my fall:  
How the honeysuckles chide me,  
How the anemones jeer and taunt me,  
Light the long stalks that had hid me  
Like a pall."  
"There I lay beneath her window  
In a swoon,  
Till the earth worm o'er me trailing,  
Woke me just at twilight falling,  
As the whip-poor-will was wailing  
To the moon."  
"But I hear the storm winds stirring  
In their rage:  
And I know they soon will lift me  
In their giant arms and sift me  
In the ashes as they drift me  
Through the air."  
"So, I pray them in their mercy  
Just to take  
From my heart of hearts, or near it,  
The last living leaf and bear it  
To her feet, and bid her wear it  
For my sake." —Exchange.

## STORY TELLER.

### For Better, For Worse.

Upon the terrace of the principal hotel at Whitecliff two ladies sat in conversation, unheeding, because being unaware of a listener behind the closed blinds of a window near them. Not an intentional listener, for he was deeply absorbed in a newly arrived letter, when the sounds of his name attracted his attention. One of the pretty young matrons was speaking and said:

"I can't imagine how such a sparkling, brilliant woman as Mrs. Lancaster came to marry that solemn piece of granite, Edward Lancaster."

"Solemn piece of granite! One of our most profound scholars, Edith. A thorough gentleman, too, and very wealthy."

"Wealthy!" repeated the first speaker. "I suppose that accounts for it. She married him for his money, of course."

"And spends it royally. I can't imagine Edith Lancaster without the surroundings of money. Her dresses, her jewels, her carriage, seem a very part of her."

"But she would be beautiful in a print dress and a straw hat."

"Here she comes now, in her new yachting dress. Is she not lovely?"

The dark eyes behind the closed blinds followed the same direction as those of the two ladies. Coming towards the hotel was a merry party, who had been on the water several hours, and prominent in the group of

pretty women was a tall, slender brunette, in a jaunty dress of blue cashmere with gilt buttons and a broad hat, from underneath which could be seen a face of exquisite beauty. The perfect oval shape, the clear, olive complexion and crimson cheeks, the regular features and large dark eyes, were all in an Oriental style; while the masses of purple black hair needed no artificial additions to wreath the small, shapely head with heavy braids.

She was chatting merrily, and laughing as she talked, as if youth and happiness were personified in her beautiful face.

The man who watched her from the closed blinds was tall, broad-shouldered and strong featured. His hair, thick and curling, was iron-gray, and piled high above his massive forehead; his eyes were deep-set, but very large and full of earnest expression. Not a handsome man, but one whose air of distinction was undoubted—a man who would be noticed in any assemblage of men.

As he watched the radiant figure in the sunlight, coming towards him, the shadow on his brow grew deeper every moment, till, with a groan, he rose and went to his own room, closing the door behind him.

There was little resemblance to granite in his face as he paced up and down in his room. It worked convulsively, and the emotion that in a woman would have been vented in passionate tears found expression only in an occasional sigh that was a groan.

He was living over the last three years of his life, as he walked up and down. Until that time he had been a scholar only. With large wealth, inherited from his father, he had devoted himself to the acquisition of knowledge, living in his library, except when he traveled, always in pursuit of some light upon a favorite science or study. His money matters were arranged by a lawyer, and his household affairs by a housekeeper, while books were his world.

From the scholarly seclusion, at the age of forty-five, he was awakened by a call of friendship, being summoned by an old schoolmate, who besought him to become guardian of a very moderate fortune he was about to leave to his only child. Obeying this summons, Edward Lancaster found his friend already dead, and the orphan turning to him for consolation. He took her home, gave her to Mrs. Keene, his housekeeper, as he would do with a baby, for care and comfort, and retired again to his study.

Between his eyes and the pages of his book came ever the face of the orphan girl. He found himself sitting idly before his papers, listening to the sound of a musical voice in passage or garden. He neglected his studies, to count the hours between meals, when he met his ward at table. Never before had a woman's face or voice awakened even a passing emotion in Edward Lancaster's heart, and interest once aroused, love crept in and took root, deep, strong, life-long. There was no possibility of driving away this love once it was admitted. Edward Lancaster knew that Edith must be won, even if he was never to know happiness in life again. If he lost her, he would live, bury himself in his books once more; but never again could the same peace he had known be found.

When he told the child (she was but seventeen) he loved her, she nestled in his arms, lifted her sweet face to his and promised to be his wife. He never doubted her love, strange as it seemed, and they were married within six months of Edith's arrival at her new home.

Once she was his own, Edward Lancaster made his wife a perfect favorite of fortune. He left his dearly beloved library to escort her to gay watering-places in summer, to New York in winter. He never counted the cost of any indulgence she craved. Her dress was of the costliest description; her jewels were the envy of her circle of friends, and she had but to name a wish to have it gratified. She was of the sunniest temperament, child-like in her gratitude, and flitting from pleasure to pleasure as a bird flies from fruits to flowers.

Life had been very sweet to Edward Lancaster in the three years following his marriage, though many wondered, seeing the grave elderly man, how he came to marry his child-wife.

But as he paced his room in the Whitecliff Hotel, Edward Lancaster questioned his happiness as he had never questioned it before. The letter he held fast in his clenched hand, the conversation upon the porch, combined to probe his heart to the core, and

the question hidden there rose to the surface.

Did Edith love him?

She had always been gay, affectionate, deferring to his wishes, more like a child with an indulgent father than a wife; for, as yet, but little of wife's duty had been exacted of her. Of household care she had had none. Her life had been passed in perpetual pleasure-seeking, with no call for sacrifice.

But the letter, the fateful letter, told the tender husband that the wealth he had held so carelessly for years was gone in one great commercial crash; one hour a man of riches; the next, a pauper. It was all gone, his lawyer wrote, and the sale of Elmsgrove, his home, would scarcely cover the liabilities incurred in the past three years.

Had she married him for money? The thorn, once planted, stung him sorely. He was not a vain man, but he had thought his love, so devoted, so true, had won a return. Money had been to him all his life so small a consideration, except to be glad that it was to give Edith every indulgence. And now, the hateful thought rose and pressed him sorely that Edith had married him for what he had lost and could give her no longer.

A rattling at the door handle, a voice calling his name roused him from his moody misery, and he drew back the bolt to admit Edith.

"Just in time to dress for dinner!" she cried, coming in. "I staid down stairs till the last minute. Shall I ring for Mary, Edward or—?"

She looked in her husband's face—"Edward, what is the matter?"

An impulse, a cruel one, prompted him to test her then and there, and he put his lawyer's letter in her hand. In a moment, before she had smoothed the crumpled sheet, he repented, and drew near her to catch her if she fainted, to console her if she wept. She read it all. The light of merriment in her face softened to a sweet, earnest gravity, and some of the rich color faded from her cheeks. Her voice was very tender as she said, "I am so sorry for you, Edward. You will miss your library, your books. Perhaps we can save some of them for you."

"But you, Edith?" he said, amazed.

"I? Mr. Morrell tell you especially that my property is safe. Five hundred a year," she said, with a silvery laugh. "How little it is compared with what you had; but I have seen a time before when five hundred a year seemed positive wealth."

"But Edith, child I do not understand. I have lost everything. I can no longer give you diamonds, laces, velvets. I cannot carry you from place to place, wherever the whim sends us. I—I can give you nothing."

His face was ashen white, and his eyes rested upon his wife with a piteous, imploring look, as if entreating her pardon for some wrong. She put her arms about him, and drew him down beside her upon a sofa. Then she rested her head upon his broad shoulder, and put her hand in his before she spoke.

"Edward, my husband," she said, gently, "do not grieve for me. I never owned jewels till you gave them to me. I was brought up in a school of comparative poverty. The income my father left me was gathered together at a cost of privation and hardship I can never describe to you. When my father died you came. I was never in a house so beautiful as Elmsgrove. I never had any one speak so kindly to me as you spoke. My father had given me an education, and my teachers were fond of me; but he seldom spoke to me. I was a desolate child."

"Edith! Edith!" her husband said, tenderly.

"Then you took me home. You spoke to me gently; you cared to have me near you. You—Edith's tears were falling fast—"you loved me. You, so noble, so good, so rich, stooped down to love poor little me. Edward, nobody ever loved me in all my life but you. You gave me every wish of my heart; but all the pleasures, all the indulgences, were nothing beside your love."

Edward Lancaster was to much moved to speak. Never before had Edith torn the veil from her heart as she was doing now, and the certainty he was rapidly gaining that she had given love for love was a happiness too overpowering to find vent in words.

"And yet," Edith said, softly, "there was always one wish ungratified. Do not think I undervalue all the sacrifices you have made for me. I appreciate the care for me that has

made you leave your home, your books, to take me about in the gay world. I saw that it made you happy to have me dress handsomely, to have me invited into society and enjoy its pleasures. But in all of these three years I have scarcely seen you. I have craved a home where we could be all in all to each other; where no claim of the gay world should come between us. Not a grand home, with servants to perform every task, but a home your wife could beautify with her own hands. Now we will find one, my husband, I am longing to show how nicely I can cook; how daintily I can clean a room. While you read, I will work; and in the evening we will sit together in our tiny sitting room, and be far happier than we are in these crowded hotels. And, Edward, if we are very saving we can buy back your books. There are all my jewels; surely they will buy some?"

"Edith, stop! My own happiness bewilders me. You love me like that? You will be happy in a poor home, cooking and working for me?"

Edith lifted her shifting, dark eyes to the noble face bending over her, and drew down her husband's head till her lips touched his.

"I love you—I love you!" she whispered. "Love will make all labor light if it is for you!"

There was consternation in the gay circle of Edith's friends, when, the next day, she was missed from among them. Speculations were wild regarding the sudden disappearance of the brilliant star of society, and many were the pitying words lavished upon her when Edward Lancaster's losses were known.

But the little wife never knew of the pity nor asked sympathy. Her husband accepted a professorship in a college, and a little house was taken and furnished for the home Edith craved.

The beauty that had made Edith a star in the most brilliant circles of society lost nothing in her husband's eyes when it was the home-light after his days of college work. In her quiet dresses, without glittering gems, Edith was as lovely as she had ever been in her costly ball or dinner toilets; and the little hands that could rest idly in luxury, glitter with valuable rings, and flash over the piano keys, were busy from dawn to sunset in the housework that women find ever waiting for them.

Edward Lancaster was never very poor, and Edith never knew again the wants and cares of her girlhood; but the wealth he had lost was not restored and never regretted. By its loss he had learned his wife's heart; deprived of that he had found the pleasure of happy domestic life, and in his new duties he found the pleasure of making the knowledge he loved useful to others.

The Professor had been two years in his new home, when, one evening, returning from the college, he found Edith busily upon a cloak for a year old boy cowering in the cradle.

She held up her work for inspection. "My yachting dress, Edward."

"I remember it," Edward answered gravely.

"Do you? I never wore it but once—the last day we were at Whitecliff."

"The day," her husband answered, "when, after an hour of doubting agony, I found my wife had married me with the true love—for better, for worse."

### How to Make a Thermometer.

Every intelligent boy or girl can, with a little ingenuity, make a thermometer that will do well enough for ordinary purposes, by paying attention to the following instructions:

First, go to some store where you can obtain a glass tube, with a fine capillary bore and a bulb at one end.

Dry the tube carefully, so as to exclude all moisture, and fill the bulb with pure mercury. Heat the mercury, which will cause it to expand and fill the tube, thereby driving out all the air, and close the open end by some material that will make it perfectly air-tight.

Now cool it cool and the mercury, then contracting, leaves a vacuum in the upper part of the tube. The instrument will now indicate the changes in temperature, for when it is cool the mercury will fall, and when hot it will rise. Get a piece of wood (walnut or white holly is the best) about one and a half inches wide and a quarter of an inch thick. Its length will be determined by the length of the tube. Cut a circular hole near the lowest part of the frame, in which to place the bulb, and fasten the tube to

it by means of a couple of pieces of wire placed near each end.

In order to compare the changes of level, we must find certain fixed or standard points, viz., the freezing and boiling points of pure water, which, by Fahrenheit's scale, we find to be 32 for the former, and 212 for the latter.

These are easily found by marking the height the mercury rises when the thermometer is plunged into melting ice and into the steam escaping from boiling water. Mark these points according to the above-mentioned plan, and divide the spaces between them into a hundred and eighty equal parts, or degrees. Thirty-two degrees below freezing point mark zero; twenty-eight above, temperate heat; and sixty-six above, blood heat.

The thermometer is now finished, and, if accurately made, will register the degrees of heat to the maker's satisfaction, and give him pleasure to know that he has made a useful and instructive experiment.

### Cast a Line for Yourself.

A young man was listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last approaching a basket filled with whole-some-looking fish, he sighed:

"If now I had these I should be happy. I could sell them at a very fair price and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many and just as good fish," said the owner, who had chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"What is it?" said the other.

"Only to tend this line till I come back; I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to get impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and when the owner of the line returned, he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many fish as were in the basket and presenting them to the young man, the old fisherman said:

"I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you, whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but to cast a line for yourself."

### Mistakes of Life.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. Most people would say, if they told the truth, that there was no limit to the mistakes of life: that they were like the drops in the ocean or the sands of the shore in number, but it is well to be accurate. Here, then, are fourteen great mistakes: "It is a great mistake to set up our standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of mistakes is to live only for time when any moment may launch us into eternity." —Exchange.

### Rely on yourself.

It is related of Stephen Girard that he had a favorite clerk, and he always said he intended to do well by Ben Lippincott. So when Ben got to be twenty-two, he expected to hear the Governor say something of his future prospects, but the old fox carefully avoided the subject, and Ben therefore mustered on courage and introduced the matter himself.

"I supposed I am now free, sir," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my future course. What do you think I had better do?"

"Yes, I know you," replied the old millionaire, "and my advice to you is to go and learn the cooper's trade."

This application of ice nearly froze Ben out, but recovering his equi-

brum, he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest he would do so.

"I am in earnest."

And Ben forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring Garden, became an apprentice, and in due time he could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed satisfied, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the door of the old man's counting room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price.

"One dollar each," said Ben, "as low as I can live by."

"Cheap enough! Make out your bill."

The bill was made out, and old Stephen settled it with a check for \$20,000, which he accompanied with this little moral to the story:—

"There, take that and invest it in the best possible manner: and if you are unfortunate and lose, you will have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living."

### HURRIED DINNERS.

It is a mistake to eat quickly. Mastication performed in haste must be imperfect even with the best of teeth, and due admixture of the food cannot take place. When a crude mass of inadequately crushed muscular fibre, or undivided solid material of any description, is thrown into the stomach, it acts as a mechanical irritant, and sets up a condition in the mucous membrane lining of that organ which greatly impedes, if it does not altogether prevent, the process of digestion. When the practice of eating quickly and filling up the stomach with unprepared food is habitual, the digestive organ is rendered incapable of performing its proper function. Either a much larger quantity of food than would be necessary under natural conditions is required, or the system suffers from lack of nourishment. Those animals which were intended to feed hurriedly, were either gifted with the power of rumination or provided with gizzards. Man is not so furnished, and it is fair to assume that he was intended to eat slowly. We must apologize for reminding our readers of facts so familiar; we do this in hope that any who may chance to have influence with the managers of large hotels where dinners a la table d'hôte are in vogue, will take measures to bring about a much needed reform in the manner in which these entertainments are conducted.

### "OI AM NOT!"

A crusty-looking old gentleman, accompanied by the regulation well-fed consort and a couple of well-favored daughters, entered the dining-room of the Del Monte, and, as he tucked his napkin under his generous chin, turned around and fixed a fierce glance upon the waiter behind his chair.

"Look here, my man," said the old party sharply, "before I give my order I want to ask you a question. Are you an Italian count in disguise?"

"Divil a bit," replied the surprised coffee-splasher.

"Nor an English nobleman, the unaccountable delay of those remittances has temporarily compelled, etc., etc."

"No, zur."

"Nor a graduate of Harvard, and estranged from your father, a rich Boston banker, whose haughty pride is as unyielding as your own, etc."

"Oi am not."

"All right; here's a dollar, and you can bring in the grub. Now that I know you are not the regular thing in waiters nowadays, that you are not going to run off with one of my daughters, or pick my pocket, I can eat in peace."

### BOYS, READ THIS

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but, day by day, here a little, and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy! Let us see how a boy of ten gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies,

and we will tell you what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is late at his breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his studies, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot: I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man, and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things, will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.

### A THRILLING INCIDENT

A Scandinavian immigrant gives the following account of a tragedy in the famous Lofoden maelstrom, his rustic pathos of the floods doubtless being lost in the free translation of a Toronto reporter: "A few years ago on a delightful July evening, I saw a body of codfish rise by the edge of the whirlpool's outer circles, and immediately after the cod had risen a whale arose among them and spouted. The columns of spray blown up like a geyser attracted the attention of a small fishing boat not less than half a mile distant and knowing that where the whale blew there was cod, they pulled toward the spot. In the boat was a pretty old man and his son, a lad of about sixteen. They had just come for the first time out to the Lofodens, and now pulled carefully inside the circle. Their boat began to move slowly round, but they went on fishing unmindful of the motion. But the movement increased, as every moment the circle grew smaller and the swirl moved faster. At length the whirl dawned upon the luckless old man and the boy. A faint scream of terror came over the water; they grasped their oars and pulled with desperation. But they were in the meshes. It seemed as if some fiend were dragging them to the vortex. For a time they held their own against the centerward force, but only for a while. The old man's strokes became less steady, so did the lad's. The latter again rallied, and was pulling with the desperation of despair when his oar unshipped and fell over. In a moment it was carried away. Then the two set up a wild, piercing cry, put their hands up, praying to God for mercy—they could not expect deliverance. In a minute or two it was all over. The boat was whirled, round and round, then her stern was seen to rise in the air, then, with all she contained, she disappeared forever." —Omaha Bee.

### Why She Planted Roses.

A blacksmith had in his possession, but under mortgage, a house and piece of land. Like many others, he was, at one time, fond of a social glass, but was happily induced by a friend to join the temperance society. About three months after, he observed his wife one morning busily employed planting rose bushes and fruit trees.

"Mary," said he, "I have owned this lot for five years, and yet I have never known you before to care to improve and ornament it in this manner."

"Indeed," replied the smiling wife, "I had no heart to do it until you gave up the drink. I had often thought of it before, but I was persuaded that, should I do it, some stranger would pluck the roses and eat the fruit. Now, with God's blessing, this cot will be ours, and we and our children may expect to enjoy the produce. We shall pluck the roses and eat the fruit."

And they did. Their cottage was known as the prettiest in the neighborhood.

ELEPHANTS AND VERMIN.—Thick as is an elephant's skin, no living creature suffers more from mosquitoes, leeches and other vermin than he. The pores are very large, and gaddies and mosquitoes, etc., worm themselves into the hollow and suck to repletion. Thus the whole day long they are constantly throwing up dirt, squirting saliva or water, to get rid of these pests, to the great annoyance of their riders.

They snore a good deal when asleep, and I have often seen them resting their heads on an outstretched foot when lying down. They are very human-like in many of their ways.

They get a piece of wood and use it as a tooth pick. They scratch themselves with the tip of their proboscis, and if they can not reach the place with that they take up a branch and use that. Natives say they plug up bullet holes with clay, but I never knew an instance of it myself. —London Field.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

The Annual contest for the typographical championship among the pupils employed in the printing office of the New York Institution is a very interesting event, and is calculated to do much in stimulating the apprentices to greater effort in their work. Of course, the mere setting and distributing of the greatest quantity of type in a given time is not conclusive evidence that the one who does it is the best printer. The conclusion to be drawn from it is that he is the fastest type-setter. The copy being reprinted, makes the task dependent on speed rather than general efficiency. Had the test been a competitive examination on general knowledge and ability to execute, it is more than probable that the relative positions of the contestants would have been changed. Had a knowledge of job work and making ready and printing jobs, been the principal part of the ordeal, the boys who ranked near the foot would very likely have come out on top with colors flying. The tastes and inclination of a number of boys are always varied, and each one can do the best in the line of his inclinations. There should be a regular official examination held in the industrial department of every Institution. The trades are an important factor in the general education of deaf-mutes, and we know of no reason why they should be denied the attention and interest which their importance demands. A knowledge of a trade is not synonymous only with manual dexterity, as most people seem to think; but requires thought, and ingenuity and study, just as in the process of mastering a text-book—it is different, perhaps, in method, but the same in its end and intent. Take printing for example. To thoroughly master the "art preservative" requires talent and brain work, together with strong nerves, a sure eye and a steady hand. "What is there to learn in printing?" you may ask. We know most people who have visited a printing office think all that is necessary is a knowledge of the boxes in which the types are placed. "Is not the 'copy' there, and are not the words clear; and all the compositor has to do is to lift up the types?" Ah, yes, the "copy" is there, but if you would compare the "copy" with the printed sheet, you would find a vast difference. The punctuation has been made right (left out of the "copy" by an oversight—but left out nevertheless), an article or a conjunction has been added, some "slight" errors in grammar have been corrected—that is all. But that is correct. To do all this on the spur of the moment, to set the type without pausing to ruminate over the possibilities of being right or wrong, to decipher almost illegible hand-writing (chirography is what the deaf-mutes would call it); and to do all this quickly and correctly is one of the difficulties which a printer must master. Then there are thousands of different types, hundreds of implements and furniture whose names and uses must be known. We could say much more in this direction, but think we have made it apparent that there is plenty of room for an official examination in printing at least. Will not some of the institutions adopt this suggestion? We are sure, if they will, deaf-mutes and deaf-mute education will gain by it.

conduct is an insult to God, the minister, and the whole congregation, and shows a shocking lack of good breeding. A church is not a club house, where persons can talk or be silent as they please. We are wrong in comparing a church to a club house. Club houses have certain rooms—the library for example—where no conversation is permitted, and if the violator of this rule persists in his bad conduct, he runs the risk of expulsion. In olden times in England, there was an officer called a beadle attached to the church, whose duty it was to remove unruly children and disorderly persons. We often have wished that such an officer was attached to St. Ann's. If the persons who make the noise do not believe in the Christian religion, they are under no obligations to attend divine service, but once in church, they ought to have sufficient self-respect to behave like gentlemen. A Protestant king once accompanied a Catholic king to a cathedral. When the time for kneeling arrived the Protestant turned to his Catholic brother and asked him what he should do—he had scruples about kneeling, but did not want to disturb the congregation. He was told that he had entered the church voluntarily, and having done so he had ought to do like the rest. That settled the matter—he knelt, and we never heard that he was the worse for joining in prayer to God with people who did not believe exactly as he did. His act was that of a gentleman, and we hope that the mutes of whom we speak will imitate him.

## NORTH EASTERN PENNA. NOTES.

A scarcity of news is our excuse for not having written for so long a time. Even now we are "hard up" for items, but will try to write up enough to make a "respectable letter"—what ever that may mean.

Deaf-mutes hereabouts are becoming impatient for another visit from the Rev. Mr. Syie, and no little anxiety is manifested concerning the state of his health. We hope he may soon be able to stop at Scranton again.

Lloyd, the arch-tramp, still hovers about. His latest exploit was the swindling of several deaf-mutes, leaving them minus considerable cash by the operation.

George Brennan, not James as we wrote it some time ago, who recently went from Carbondale to Scranton, has secured employment in the machine shop of the D. L. & W. R. R. Co., at the latter place.

Among recent deaf-mute visitors to Scranton, we noticed Messrs. Kresge, of Newton, Williams, of Pittston, Pethick, of Wilkesbarre, who recently arrived from England.

At a meeting of the Luzerne County Medical Society, of Wilkesbarre, some weeks ago, one of the members reported what is considered a remarkable case. It is that of a child twelve years old, who has been without ears-drum from birth, yet possesses a most acute hearing. The case is well worthy the attention of aurists.

Mr. J. M. Koehler, of Scranton, has been licensed by Bishop Howe, of Central Pennsylvania, to act as lay-reader in Scranton and vicinity. It is said that Mr. Koehler proposes to hold regular services for deaf-mutes once a month in Wilkesbarre, Carbondale and Montrose, besides keeping up the meetings at Scranton. This is a step forward for the benefit of deaf-mutes in this region, and can not but be hailed by them with pleasure.

Harry Pethick, of Wilkesbarre, and Miss Emma Miller, of Scranton, were married on Thursday evening, June 7th, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Mr. Wenderlich, of the German Presbyterian Church. No deaf-mutes were present except Mr. Pethick's brother, so we can not give any particulars of the happy event. The newly wedded couple have our best wishes for their future happiness. They will make Wilkesbarre their home.

The very latest concerning the coming picnic, is that it will be held in July, probably on the 22d or 29th, at Dolphin Grove, in Scranton. The Association will decide the question at a meeting to be held on June 24th.

Somehow we have got the impression that the proposed Convention will be postponed until next year, owing to circumstances which need not be mentioned here. The picnic will be held, however, and efforts will be made to render it as enjoyable as possible. It is hoped Rev. Mr. Syie will be here on the date of the picnic, so as to hold a service on the following Sunday for the many deaf-mutes who will be present at the picnic. Let all who were there last year decide to be present again this year, and let those who were not do the same. We predict that the picnic of 1882 will outshine any previous attempt in that line. Let us all pull together. Petty quarrels or individual differences must not be allowed to interfere with the success of the scheme. Nix.

## GARFIELD MEMORIAL.

Bulletin No. 27.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 10.

The only subscription paid during the week is the following, from

Harry White, Beverly, Mass., \$5 00  
Amount already reported 905 74

Total to date 910 74

A. G. DRAHER, Treasurer.

# ITEMIZER.

## FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

## News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. James McCartney, of Philadelphia, is stopping at Meadville, Pa. He will leave Meadville for New York as soon as possible.

In reply to a "Friend," Miss Effie Parker expects to attend the Annual Picnic at Wilkesbarre on the 22d inst. She would like to know who that "Friend" is.

Mr. W. H. Winslow of North Stockholm, N. Y., says he was very much pleased to read, in a late issue of the JOURNAL, about Robt. J. Martling. He was his old schoolmate and had not seen or heard of him for 32 years. Mr. W. would like to correspond with him.

Seymour A. Berray, of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, sent us a copy of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, published in that city by the deaf-mutes. It is a creditably gotten up and with a new sheet. "Do so some more,"—Walton, (N. Y.) Star.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain left New York on Friday evening, the 9th inst., for a journey to Davenport, Iowa, stopping on the way at Buffalo and Cleveland to hold services for deaf-mutes. He expects to attend a meeting of the graduates of Griswold College, in Davenport, on Tuesday, the 20th inst.

On Sunday June 4th, at half past 4 o'clock p.m., Rev. Dr. Applegate and George W. Schmitt held a combined service which eleven deaf-mutes and a large congregation of the hearing people attended. Among those present were Peter W. Charles D. and Sarah S. Edmonston, Mr. Dobbs, Isabella Leghorn, William H. Terbusch, Misses Alicia and Bella Wilson, and others.

Mr. J. H. Winslow, of North Stockholm, N. Y., is engaged at making rustic chairs, etc., and finds a ready market for his wares. He says he will try and send a few samples to the New York School for the use of the girls on the lawn.

Mr. Winslow, with his father, a veteran military drummer, witnessed the parade and procession of soldiers at Norwood, N. Y., on Decoration Day.

James H. Caton, the blind deaf-mute boy, sends us the following, a copy of which he printed on his type-writer:—"Mr. James H. Caton, of Fanwood, regrets to disappoint some of his mute friends who expected him to come and see them this summer. He is under an obligation to spend a few weeks of his vacation in Orange Co., and some other places. He hopes that the friends will enjoy themselves at the deaf-mutes' picnic, which will take place on the 12th of next July."

A member of the N. E. G. A., desires to know why the President, J. T. Tillingshast, gives notices concerning the Association in the papers instead of asking the Secretary to do so? Is the office of secretary vacant? Is Mr. Harry White, the Secretary of the Association, dead? Does Mr. Tillingshast mean to be President, Treasurer, Secretary and Manager, all in one? Or is he ignorant of the rule of all societies that all notices should be given by the Secretary, not by the President? If not, what does he mean?

CLEVELAND, O.—Last Sunday afternoon a party of three young gentlemen and three ladies (mute) took a street car ride to Riverside Cemetery, but soon after their arrival rain fell in torrents. Great disappointment was expressed among them in not being able to take a pleasant walk around. However, it was soon turned into joy when they received a kind invitation extended by Mr. Joachim J. Viets, to assemble at his residence. The invitation was accepted, and they indulged in conversation for several hours.

Anthony Capelli, of the New York School, says that he would like to know if Mr. Edward Dunlap, the would-be-champion deaf-mute swimmer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is going to arrange a swimming match with him this summer. He says that he would like to know before the 28th, for, after that day he will go to parts unknown. G. S. Porter is also willing to enter the swimming race if there will be any. Probably some other deaf-mutes will also be glad to enter. Any how a good race can be arranged.

Mr. J. H. Winslow, of North Stockholm, N. Y., recently witnessed a painful and distressing accident, in Fort Jackson. Harry, son of Philo Davis, insisted on riding on a land double-railer with a man named Joseph Dephew, one of the hired men. Dephew put the lad in front of him, and held him with his arms. Soon after, the tongue broke, and they were pitched forward, the heavy roller passing over them. Harry lived but a short time after. The physician gave as his opinion, that death was caused by his striking his head on a stone as he fell. Dephew was seriously although not fatally injured.

## Instructing the Deaf and Dumb.

The Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, now in its sixty-fourth year, met to-day under its new officers, Ezraus Brooks as president, E. L. Fancher first vice-president, Rev. Dr. Stoddard second vice-president and Thaddeus M. Adams secretary. The commencement exercises of this institution will take place on the 28th inst., at the institution, and the examination of classes the three days previous. The advancement in the cause of deaf-mute instruction is one of the marked features of the times, both in oral instruction and in the sign language, and is nowhere equal in Europe to its success in the leading institution of this State.—New York Mail and Express, June 10.

## Philadelphia Resolutions.

At a numerously attended general meeting of the deaf-mutes at St. Stephen's Parish Building, Philadelphia, held on June 8th, 1882, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we wish to have a Love in Philadelphia next winter, and we request the Clero Literary Association to manage the same. Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the Clero Literary Association and to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

T. J. TRIST, Chairman.

The house of Mr. Ira H. Derby was photographed, May 26th.

Amos Ladd of Winsted, Ct., will start for Boston on July 1st, for a week's visit.

Chauncey Engle, of Oswego N. Y., is going to Auburn and other places to see his friends.

Mr. Frank Blodgett, of Nashua, was seen in Lowell, Mass., on Decoration Day.

Mr. Clement R. Thomson goes to Newton, Ct., to-morrow, where he will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ranald Douglas, of Washington, D. C., will be in Gardner, Mass., this summer.

Sven Malmar has left Evans, Ill., and is now working for the father of Miss Hatch, in Corry, Pa.

Will Mr. Caton, the blind mute, go back to the N. Y. Institution again next fall? a correspondent asks.

John McGuinness, of Worcester, Mass., will go to Newport, R. I., for a week's vacation on July 3d. He will be glad to see his mute friends.

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. John Witche, of New York, died on Sunday last, with convulsions, caused, it is believed, by imperfect teething.

Thomas Breen, of Philadelphia, requests that any mute who should meet his brother, John Breen, will inform him that his favorite cousin, Mrs. Jennie McClain (nee McCleod) is dead.

Mr. W. H. Green, of Worcester, Mass., would like to know the address of Mr. Fish, of Vermont, and also of Mr. French, of New Hampshire, for he wants to get them to join the Base Ball nine.

J. H. Deshong, of Union Springs, N. Y., came near losing one of his eyes last spring, by an accident while chopping some wood, but is now convalescent, after greatly suffering for a long time.

Frank B. Thompson would like to see the deaf-mutes of Newark, at the Young Men's Christian Association Clinton St. near Broad St., on Sunday the 18th inst., at three o'clock, if the weather is fair.

It is expected that George W. Hartley of Pittsburg, Pa., will be in Cleveland, Ohio, and will visit deaf-mutes on the 4th of July. He says he is not cordially invited to be present at the Woodside Picnic.

Services will be held in the Sunday School of St. Andrew's Church, 128th St. and Fourth Avenue, Harlem, every Sunday, 11 o'clock a.m. The deaf-mutes of Harlem and vicinity are cordially invited to attend the service.

Wm. A. Winslow, of Rockford, Ill., has been laying in a lot of household furniture in anticipation of his approaching marriage with Miss Sarah T. Lee, of Batavia, Ill. The ceremony will take place on the 20th of this month.

Rev. Job Turner was in Philadelphia on the 8th inst. He left for Baltimore where he delivered two lectures on Mexico and held one chapel service at the deaf-mute school. From Baltimore, he went to Staunton Va.

Edward J. Reddy, of Newburyport, Mass., had a very nice sojourn on the anniversary of his birthday, June 9th. He was presented with a fine watch and chain with charm attached. After spending a very pleasant evening, all dispersed at a late hour.

The Taubstemmenfreund, of Berlin, Prussia, for March, says that Mr. William Naglo, Esq., a talented deaf-mute of Berlin, has been awarded a gold medal for telegraphy, by the International Industrial Exhibition, at Brazil. Mr. Naglo has a telegraph office in Berlin.

Miss Addie C. Rich, a deaf-mute, was called home last week from the Rochester Institute on account of her mother's dangerous sickness. We hope Addie's mother will be better and trust God will do powerful for and will take care of her.—Gouverneur (N. Y.) Herald.

The last meeting of the C. L. U. will be held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Pownall, in Brooklyn, on Saturday, July 1st. This is on account of the closing exercises of the New York Institution taking place on the last Wednesday in June. The Union intends to also have a grand invitation party at the same time and place.

E. C. Benedict, of Victory, N. Y., made J. R. Pimm and folks a short visit the other day. The other day, Mr. Pimm unexpectedly, but gladly received visits from Mr. Cuddeback, of Lyons, and N. Denton, of Geneva. The following afternoon Mr. Pimm's father invited them to take a ride to Lake Bluff which they accepted, and on their arrival there, they took a very pleasant sail in a steam yacht for Soda Point. The captain was very agreeable and had a pleasant chat with them, pointing out the beautiful scenery, etc. On reaching Soda Point they took a stroll down the village toward the lake, until they happened to find themselves at burnt spot, where Jim Hall was murdered and burned by Sam Williams, who was recently sentenced to be hung next month. The spectacle of that spot left an impression on their minds. The sunset approaching, they took the same road home.

Great and startling events are happening in Richmond, Va. It is to be hoped that they will be confined to the colored people, and to that locality. A black boy told his mother a downright lie, so the Rev. Mr. Jasper says, and, so far, the story excites no surprise. Indeed, if the same thing should be told of a white boy we should not feel like denying it as beyond possibility. The interest of the matter is not in the simple fact of lying, but in the extraordinary consequences thereof. After lying, the boy was suddenly struck dumb. Now, then, if this is to be the logical result of falsehood, every department of the government, both houses of Congress, all the State legislatures, have got to be revolutionized, and immediately, and this whole country will become a huge dumb asylum in the twinkling of an eye. Conversation will cease in twenty-four hours throughout our loved land. Take away from our business circles, our political caucuses—and, if we must say it, from some of our religious editors and our prayer meetings—the inalienable right to tell at least a white or pearl colored, or a dark gray lie, and Othello's occupation's gone and republican institutions will suddenly come to a dead stand.

We are quite willing that our much fought over colored population should be taught to tell the truth, but when white people are to be thus "cabineted, cribbed, confined," the very appetite for progress and freedom is seriously injured with.—Herald, June 11.

## Another Victim.

Joshua Quincy, of Paris, Me., reports that a deaf-mute named Tristram Haley, of Woodstock, Me., was killed by the locomotive. He was 70 years old.

Mr. Almos Smith, of New Boston, N. H., writes that George Lucas, who died recently in Owego, N. Y., was the first mover in organizing a convention which met in Vermont. Mr. Thomas Brown was the next. He became discouraged, moved to Owego, where he died almost unknown. Mr. Smith writes the above out of respect to the memory of the late Mr. Lucas.

It will be a pleasant surprise to the many friends of Mr. Washington Houston, of Frankford, Philadelphia, to learn that he has lately been made the happy father of a sweet little girl. The event occurred on Monday morning, at 8 o'clock, the 11th day of June, and we doubt not that the parents will receive the warmest congratulations of their numerous friends and relatives. The weight of the new-born infant was 10 pounds. We hope that the little child will live to years of maturity, and be a source of joy, consolation and comfort, to its kind parents during their declining years.

## The Garfield Memorial Fund Subscriptions in Philadelphia.

Some time ago, a meeting of deaf-mutes was held in the chapel of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. The object was to get up a subscription for the Garfield Memorial Fund. It was expected that the list would have been completed by the 1st inst., and that the represented sum would have been sent with it to the General Treasurer, Prof. Draper, of the National Deaf-Mute College. But as some of the subscribers will not be ready to fulfill their subscriptions for some time yet, the officers of the above meeting have decided, for the present, to publish this card in the JOURNAL instead of sending the present cash subscriptions to the General Treasurer at Washington; and thus remove any anxiety that may be entertained by those who are interested in this local subscription.

Respectfully,  
JEROME T. ELWELL,  
Secretary.

## Concerning the Boston Society.

An article signed "Justitia," in the JOURNAL of May 5th, is not at all deserving of the name. It is altogether too thin, and is put in for a purpose. Mr. Tillingshast, should he choose to reply, can tell and prove quite a different story, so far as his connection with Boston is concerned. As to the presentation to Mr. Holmes of a ring, it was got up by Mr. Harry White, of Beverly, and after he had obtained all the names he could to it in that vicinity, he takes it to Boston and makes up the amount—about \$12. Does this make it a presentation from the Boston Deaf-Mute Society? If so, then Mr. Lynde should be remembered, as he has acted an important part, and his daily life is more like his words and actions than Mr. Holmes. "Justitia" is evidently led by malice and revenge, and is bound to pull down Mr. Tillingshast in order to put up a more particular friend of his, and perhaps it is himself. Now, I happen to know that Mr. Tillingshast has been of great help to Mr. Holmes, and has several times written to Mr. Sturges for him, and also to others in order to help him, and those who are fully acquainted with all the facts, and must say that had it not been for Mr. Tillingshast, Mr. Holmes would not now occupy the position he does.

A FRIEND.

## AN EXPLANATION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In your last number of the JOURNAL I find myself commented upon as a baseless fraud by "A Woonsocket Boy." I wish it to be understood that I had nothing whatever to do with the failure of the Frontiersman. I further wish it to be understood that when Mr. R. D. Livingstone departed East we had a full understanding which left the firm's name in my power, I having the full use of it. The Denver Advertising Agency purchased the Frontiersman of Livingstone and myself during Livingstone's absence. This was some time before the Denver Advertising Agency appeared as publishers of it. After all the business had been all cleared up, we were employed to edit the paper, and no further did we go in connection with it. When Mr. Livingstone returned he found nothing to blame us for, except for transferring the paper, which, of course, we would have done better to have kept.

Just before the paper was suspended we agreed to take it back from the Agency on July 26th, forgetting to provide that the Agency should run the paper until then, but as we will not be responsible for anything incurred against it up to that date, we would give notice to subscribers and others to get their money back from the Agency if they want it.

"A Woonsocket Boy" is a subscriber for the paper, and subscribed for it while it was owned by the Agency, but as we pocketed that \$1.50 he can get it back by asking for it as a matter of business, instead of foolishly rushing into print with epithets against one who may wrongly make out. If we have sinned against anyone, we are not ashamed to ask pardon in public.

Yours truly,  
J. C. SIMMONS.

## A Turkish Legend.

A certain Pasha, dead five thousand years, Once from his harem fled in tears, And had this sentence on the city's gate, Deeply engraven: "Only God is great."

So these four words above the city's noise Hung like the accents of an angel's voice, And evermore from the high barbacan Saluted each returning caravan.

Lost is that city's glory; every guest Lifts, with crisp leaves, the unknown Pasha's dust, And the ruin—save one wrinkled gate Whereon is written: "Only God is great."—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

# COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

## Base Ball Events.

## THE CLOSING HOP.

## Sunday School Matters.

## BRIEFS, ETC.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

After the unforeseen accident of last week, by which the captain of the Kendalls was disabled, it was feared that the club would be unable to appear again in the field for the rest of the term. However, by a little judicious management and change of positions, the nine was ready to fill its engagement with the Waverleys on Tuesday last, and played in better shape than any time this season. Barr filled the pitcher's position, with Lynch catching, and between them they kept the Waverleys from making any progress toward the bases. The game opened at five o'clock with the Kendalls at the bat, and by a succession of good strikes supported by splendid base running, the conclusion of the inning left them with five runs to their credit. Waverley did not make a run, and the case was the same in the second, third, fourth and fifth innings. This was brought about by the splendid play of the Kendalls on the field, few errors being committed, while the good plays were numerous. In the sixth inning, Waverley managed to get four runs and thus saved themselves from being "chickadees," as they were retired with blanks in the succeeding innings. On the part of Kendalls, the playing of Barr and Lynch was excellent, while the batting of Augell and Brookmire and the fielding of Chickering, was frequently applauded. For the Waverleys, Girard and McAnlay filled their respective positions well, but Kendal had no difficulty in facing their batteries. The result of the game will be seen in the appended score:

KENDALLS, R. P. O. A. E.	WAVERLEY, R. P. O. A. E.
Augell, 2b, 1 3 0	McKee, ss, 0 0 2
Lynch, c, 2 3 4	Allen, 2b, 0 0 3
Brookmire, p, 0 1 0	Girard, p, 1 1 3
Barr, p, 4 0 4	Yewell, cf, 1 0 1
Leah, lf, 2 0 1	McAnlay, c, 1 3 4
Carter, ss, 1 3 4	White, 2b, 1 1 3
Saxton, rf, 0 1 0	Morsell, lf, 0 12 0
Ziegler, cf, 1 0 0	Rhodes, rf, 0 1 0
Chickering, 1b, 1 13 0	Portland, cf, 0 1 0
Total 15 27 16 10	Total 4 27 11 14

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
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Kendall, 5 0 1 0 3 6 0 0 4—15  
Waverley, 0 0 0 0 0 4 0 0 0—4

Time of game, 1 hour and 45 minutes.  
Base hits, Kendall 19, Waverley 5.

The question which had been agitating the students for some time—namely, that of holding a

## GRADUATING HOP

at the close of the term, has at length been decided in the affirmative. The decision was fully considered and the question was reached after a report from the committee which had been appointed to consult President Gallaudet. The latter gentleman, with his usual urbanity, heartily agreed with the proposal of having a closing ball, and promised material assistance to the committee having the matter in charge. At the meeting of the students, the Committee of Arrangements chosen are, Messrs. Fox, '83, Chairman; Allabough, '84, Veditz, '84, Hasenab, '85, and Hanson, '86, and it was decided to hold the hop in the gymnasium on the evening of Tuesday, June 20th. The affair promises to be successful in every particular, as the committee will endeavor to improve on precedent affairs of the kind and make this one a most enjoyable entertainment for all who may be present. Cards of invitation will be issued early next week.

Another event of importance is the Sunday School excursion, which takes place on Tuesday afternoon, June 13th, to Fort Washington, on the Potomac. The party will go by the U. S. Steamer Tallapoosa, and besides enjoying the beauties of the scenery for which the Potomac is noted, will have an opportunity of inspecting a government vessel and the various appliances used on it. We anticipate for all an enjoyable time.

This afternoon the Sunday School held its closing concert, the topic of consideration being "The building up of a Character." According to the usual custom, the speakers on the occasion of the final concert of the college year, were men from the Senior Class. Each member from the class took his turn, and the remarks were not without interest, showing that the question had been maturely considered by the speakers. The collection for the charity fund amounted to \$6.82.

## BRIEFS.

Two weeks before vacation.

Goodman, '80, made his appearance Saturday, and gladdened his old friends.

The swimming pool is opened daily, and is the Mecca of devoted pilgrims in search of cool libations.

The Kendall Lawn Tennis Club played a friendly game with a club from Le Droit Park, on Friday afternoon.

One of our popular professors has a walking stick upon which is jotted down comments on his vacation

journals in North Carolina. It is decidedly an unique log book.

Most of the western students will return to their homes by way of the Chesapeake, & Ohio R. R. None of the other roads will give tickets at reduced rates, as heretofore. The party hope to take in Cincinnati and St. Louis on their way.

Summer examinations open on Friday, the 18th, and will continue through the following Monday and Tuesday. On Sunday, the 19th, President Gallaudet will deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon. Tuesday evening, the closing hop takes place, and on Wednesday, the 21st, the conferring of degrees will be followed by Vacation. LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, June 11, '82.

## NOTICES.

Mr. Brewster R. Allabough,



FANWOOD.

The Printers' Gala Day.

DON'T RUN IN DEBT.

The Social Re-union, and other Items of Interest.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

In spite of the most stringent rules to the contrary, there are a certain class of Fanwood pupils who run into debt to no inconsiderable amount—considerable for them. At the time they incur the obligation, they are in daily expectation of receiving a remittance from home. The money for some cause does not arrive at the time specified. They borrow more and continue to borrow as long as they can, little reckoning what the result will be. When the anticipated letter does arrive, they immediately settle, but it generally cleans them out completely, and they resort to borrowing again. Well, there is always a considerable interval of time between remittances from home (for your average borrower's parents can not see the necessity, if they are able, of sending money frequently) and the creditor begins to clamor for his due. The debtor puts him off from week to week, and oftentimes from month to month, until at length forbearance ceases to be a virtue.

Now, my friends, you who are addicted to this practice, attention. You do not enjoy life in the least. You may cheat yourself into the belief that you are happy, but you are not. You may laugh as loud, carry your head as high and conduct yourself as much as usual, but you are not. You may feel far, very far, from light hearted. You do not like to look your creditor in the face. You do not relish his sneering remarks to his companions that you are under obligations to him. You imagine he takes an unfair advantage of you, and detest him accordingly. You are rendered miserable, and oftentimes serious ill feeling is engendered.

Still he has a perfect right to demand his money or its equivalent. You promised to pay him at a certain time, and failed to keep that promise. He relied upon your honor and was deceived, therefore he has lost confidence in you and communicates this loss of faith to his friends, who also are rendered suspicious and are chary about trusting you thereafter, if they do not decline to have any thing to do with you whatever.

Again, you wickedly deceive your parents. They forward you money with the understanding and belief that it will be used for intelligent and useful purposes. They would be shocked and grieved if made aware of the usage to which it is put.

To sum up, the result of your running into debt is the direct result of the following disasters: You deceive your parents; you incur the ill-will and merited contempt of your associates; you break your word; you are rendered miserable and unhappy, lose your independence and self-respect and are looked upon with suspicion and dislike. There are many other evils yet unmentioned accruing from this practice which we have not space to enumerate here, but which are doubtless perfectly familiar to you, and we would suggest the beginning of a clean page at once. Write to your parents, stating the difficulties which you are in, your resolve to do better; pay up every cent you owe, and determine never again to borrow the value of a single farthing that you may hold up your head in the conscious pride that you are independent.

By the broad grins on the countenances of the boys, and the extra ribbons on the hair of the girls, we were made aware early in the afternoon of Saturday last, that one of those much longed-for social reunions would come off during the evening. We opened the door of the girl's sitting room shortly after seven o'clock and—horrors of horrors!—there they were, tramp, tramp, tramping again. No sooner, however, did they catch a glimpse of our ugly face and long, prying nose, than "a change came o'er the spirit of their dream." Games were organized in a twinkling, and all proved to our entire satisfaction that "Boston" and "forfeits" were quite as much in their line as tramping. We were pleased to notice this great improvement over the previous gathering. If we had a mother-in-law and desired to be rid of her forevermore, we think the most speedy way of accomplishing that end would be to set her down in the midst of one of these tramping matinees, and she would soon be tramped out of existence. In such a case, however, we must confess the end would justify the means.

No game of ball was played between the Alaskas and the clerks of Baker, Pratt & Co. Saturday last. The latter failed to put in an appearance.

For several years past it, has been the custom in the printing office to offer three prizes for speed and correctness in type-setting, near the close of the term. The contest this year was attended with considerable excitement, as the prizes, leaving out the glory of victory, were in themselves a sufficient inducement for each boy to do his best. The rules governing the contest were that each compositor distribute 2,000 ems and set as much as he could, from reprint copy, in two hours. He was then obliged to correct his proof, the time spent in which was added to the time occupied in setting and distributing. The "comps" of the first division were set to work on Wednesday morning, and the record made by two of their number was thought by the compositors themselves to be impossible to beat by the other division. However, Friday afternoon's contest told a different tale, two of the boys showing to the front. We give below the names of the winners and the respective positions in the race of those that entered, the number of ems set and the time occupied in correcting:

Rank.	Name.	No. of Ems.	Corrected in.
1.	M. R. Palmer.	1,479	4 min.
2.	W. Rose.	1,343	2 1/2 "
3.	G. S. Porter.	1,411	7 1/2 "
4.	W. Dorian.	1,307	7 "
5.	J. Lloyd, Jr.	1,254	3 "
6.	W. Ennis.	1,224	3 "
7.	P. Crocker.	1,156	4 "
8.	E. Smith.	1,037	3 "
9.	A. Capelli.	1,258	16 "
10.	W. Fosmire.	748	4 1/2 "
11.	C. D. Newton.	935	16 "

It will be seen by referring to the number of ems set, that in one or two instances the time spent in correcting lost the boys a place. Several, owing to excitement, pieced a line or two while correcting, which would not have occurred under ordinary circumstances. However, taking it all in all, it was a fair and square race, and the winners are entitled to the honor of being the fastest type lifters among their companions.

We do not think there is a pupil connected with a deaf-mute institution in the world that can beat the record of the winners of the prizes. If there is, we would like to see it in print at once. The measure was 17 ems Long Primer, and the matter set was solid with about one break in three sticks.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Harry Davis, of Milton, Mass., was up here Thursday last.

Mr. Jacques Loew attended exercises in the chapel Sunday evening last.

School closes Thursday, June 29th. Closing exercises on the 28th, and "don't you forget it."

Messrs. Scott, Kircher, Zimmermann and Eltrich passed the Institution Sunday afternoon last.

Willie Porter is the ghost of his former self. He has been quite ill for the past week, but is about again.

"For ways that are vain,"  
And for tricks that are vain,"  
The High Class girls at court are peculiar,  
And the same are loth to proclaim.

The annual trunk repairing agony has commenced, and trunks are piled mountain high in the carpenter shop.

Supt. Wilkinson, of the California Institution, left this city on the 12th inst. He started Canada ward.

Dennis Sullivan says if Charles Bennett, late supervisor here, wants the picture now in his possession, he must send or come for it at once.

Miss Barrager received a telegram Thursday evening last, announcing the dangerous illness of a relative. She left for home the following morning.

Misses Pulski, E. Smith and Sweeney, the latter a hearing daughter of deaf-mute parents, visited their girl friends here on the afternoon of the 11th inst.

A gentleman named J. M. Rodriguez from Mexico, was at the Institution Monday last, and was escorted through the Industrial Department by Dr. Porter.

It will doubtless gratify the many friends of Miss Jane D. Lavery, of Buffalo, N. Y., to learn that her house is full of boarders, and that she is doing remarkably well.

Croton water has been in a sad state of impurity for the past week. Some of the pupils not being able to stand dirt with their water, repaired to the hospital for repairs.

Mr. John J. Blackstock, a former supervisor, now a shipping clerk in the city, was met by one of the pupils Saturday last. He says he will participate in the picnic of the M. L. A. July 12th.

James Nash, who is at present employed by Dr. Peet as a man-of-all-work, will leave for New Jersey to work in the Pennsylvania Iron Works, where the Heller brothers are employed, on June 28th. So report says.

Edward E. Ormsby was the first "old comp." to respond to the invitation in a recent letter to the JOURNAL, to forward his photograph to the "art gallery." It arrived Monday last, and is now smiling benignly down upon toiling JOURNALISTS.

We wonder if there is a man big enough in this sad world of ours to prevent the Fanwood youth from going in swimming. What obstinate creatures boys are. If there was a poster 25x20 feet pasted on the wall stating it was desirable that they go in swimming forty times a day, you could not hire a single boy to go within ten miles of the river. But an insignificant little rule (insignificantly little), "Keep away from the water," has the effect of filling the river with animated deaf-mute young America. It is perfectly safe, however. Give a boy permission, and he will go and drown himself. Forbid the luxury, and he will disobey and continue to live just to spite you. "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Representatives of Fanwood were seen at the Annual Meeting for Amateur Athletic Championships, on the Manhattan Polo Grounds, Saturday last.

And now the festive graduate  
Doth board his weekly pay,  
To buy a tie immaculate  
To sport on Closing Day.

If Dr. Porter is agreeable, some of the members of the High Class expect to row across the river to Fort Lee, and participate in the picnic of the Twilight Union, on the 14th inst.

Anthony Capelli went to the city Saturday last, and obtained the promise of a job through vacation in a printing office. He expects to commence work July 1st. We hope he will frankly tell the foreman beforehand what he is capable of doing, and not palm himself off as a printer, thereby injuring the prospects of really competent deaf-mute workmen. Mrs. Laura C. Redden Searing (Howard Glyned) was the guest of the Institution Thursday last. During the morning, she visited the class rooms, and was favorably impressed with what she saw. The Industrial Department came in for a share of her attention during the afternoon. She was accompanied by her child and maid, the latter being a young deaf-mute.

The pupils of the Tarrytown Branch are to be examined on the 21st inst. Those at Fanwood on the 22d.

CLASS OF '82, ATTENTION!

It has been customary from time immemorial, for the graduates to plant a Class Ivy at the close of the term. We are of the opinion that it is time for a new departure. Would it not be more appropriate and more appreciated by the graduates if they were photographed in a group and the picture hung up in the art gallery with the Class data printed underneath? Many of the graduates would be most happy to secure a photograph of their Class. The ceremonies attendant to the planting of the ivy are very impressive, but nevertheless soon forgotten; while a photograph would be treasured a lifetime.

An unique game of base ball came off Saturday last. The players were all little fellows—nine who sleep in the dormitory presided over by Mr. Gerloff, and nine in that of Mr. Stowell. It was understood that each member of the winning club would be presented with five cents by their patron. Mr. Stowell's nine won by the score of 19 to 8. The result was a taffy boom in the village.

Miss Jennie Williams will in all probability attend the Closing Exercises.

A gentleman named Roadstrand has been appointed to the position of clerk, in place of Mr. Charles M. Smith, resigned. He entered upon his duties Monday.

Mrs. Emily Koelt and sister, of Brooklyn, dropped in about dusk on the 12th inst.

The "devils" of the printing office are longing to distinguish themselves with the "stick." They may possibly be accommodated in a few days.

Examination being so near at hand, a dazzling sight may now be witnessed in the study rooms each evening. Every pupil's fingers fly as though endeavoring to work their nails off.

Gracie Mills expected to participate in an excursion with some of her deaf-mute friends in the city Tuesday last, but was disappointed.

We scented oil and water colors in the air at 9 p.m. Monday last. Drawn by an irresistible impulse (old maid curiosity, if you will), we entered the officer's sitting room. Sure enough, Mr. Alfred Emmons and Miss Hagadorn were knee deep in an animated discussion. Feeling we had unwittingly stumbled on hallowed ground, we abruptly bolted, and "left them alone in their glory."

Miss Butler, of the Tarrytown Branch, remained over night at the School, Monday last.

A Mr. Morris, of New Jersey, made a tour of the School on Tuesday.

The total subscriptions to the Garfield Memorial Bust Fund, will appear in the Treasurer's Bulletin next week. From what we have heard of the total amount collected, it will figure to over two centuries and a half. The pupils and officers have shelled out handsomely, with a few exceptions.

GRACE H.

COLORADO.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—R. D. Livingstone arrived here from New York, Boston, Washington, etc., once more to breathe the delicate Colorado air, which makes him feel "born again."

Prof. R. P. McGregor, the efficient principal of our State Institute, favored us with a call recently. This being his second visit in Denver, he did not seem to feel satisfied with the short stay. His object in coming was business, but as we have no right poke to our nose into his business, we did not find out on what business he came.

Those who know the Professor will know that he is a jolly good fellow, always entertaining and pleasant. The Frontiersman has been suspended, on what account we are unable to say.

The other day Justice Sopris met an impostor on the street who professed to be deaf and dumb. The Justice noticed something suspicious about his character, and finally cured his dumbness by making him speak. This settled it, and the Justice was about to take him to the police headquarters for investigation, when the impostor broke away, and a chase ensued, the impostor escaping.

Rufus Paine, a most notorious deaf-mute tramp is still known to all the deaf-mutes outside of the Wyoming Territory Penitentiary where he is now in darkness for a most heinous offence. He was a classmate of Louis Huff, at the Illinois Institution, fifteen years ago. We have no sympathy for him.

Mr. Michael Coyne seems to be an unhappy man because the rain, and cloudy, and disagreeable weather causes him suspend his work in the brick-yard. He should go to see "Patience" played by the Conley-Barton Company at the Tabor Grand Opera House.

Mr. James Cary is a happy "Irish" laborer, in possession of a new suit of clothing, who recently gave us a hearty greeting and spent Sunday with us.

Louis Huff has received a lot of letters from Leadville, saying that "we have had big fires during several days, amounting to the loss of one million dollars, and fifteen persons were reported burned."

"Another man, who pretended to be deaf any dumb, was arrested and was in the police court before Judge Sopris, and was fined \$25 and sent to jail. His name is John Rimmer," says the Denver Tribune.

UNKNOWN.

DENVER, June 4, '82.

A DEAF-MUTE PAINTER.

From Hague, Holland.

The papers of this residence speak with much satisfaction about a new establishment, which is just now opened. It is a Chinese garden belonging to Mr. Maassen. Really, this garden is something very original, not only introduced for the first time in the Netherlands, but wherever it may be. It is a Paradise! This great work of architecture and sculpture, only to be compared with the works of art in the days of the Medicis in Florence or the beauties of the incomparable Venice, should, however, not be perfect, if not the art of Pictura had completed the splendid enterprise. Everybody is of the opinion that the Chinese garden of the Hague represents now all the beauties of art and nature together, and only therefore may be called an Eden.

It is a flattering particular for our deaf-mute brothers and sisters that the greatest part of this successful work has been executed by one of us, Mr. Charles H. D. Boland, from Spa, now living at Antwerp, Belgium,—5 Plaine Consens—one of the last pupils of the Academie Royale des Beaux Arts, where he still occupies the private Atelier No. 2. The pictures of this young artist are already highly esteemed. His great ability in painting animals and allegoric scenes are well known, so that he was very often invited to co-operate with the greatest decorators to paint saloons and great halls. The Apollo on a chariot with eight horses, is painted with great success on the platform of the Croydon Holmea House, London, the splendid saloon which was so much admired at the late national exhibition of Brussels, an allegoric scene founded on the legend of the Giant of Antwerp; a saloon of imitated goblins representing eight Counts of Lafontaine in one of the richest houses of Antwerp. This is all the work of the young artist, Mr. Boland, whose work will be the most appreciated, as he tries by hard work to win more sympathy for the deaf-mutes in general. We hope to hear more of this young artist, especially of his increasing success.

The National Convention and Gallaudet Centennial.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 12, 1882.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—In your last number, your editorial about the National Convention of Deaf-Mutes in New York City was very good and important. It is thought that the time and place of that convention should come and stay without modification.

For some good reasons, I have the honor to withdraw my suggestion concerning the proposed erection of the Gallaudet bronze statue in Philadelphia. Now I heartily endorse Edmund Booth's excellent plan for erecting that statue on the beautiful grounds of the National Deaf-Mute College. Washington having many statues on squares and reservations, is appropriately styled the "City of Statues."

In the fall of 1887, deaf-mutes and their friends coming to witness the unveiling of the statue, should enjoy fine opportunities of ascending the Washington Monument, by elevator, 550 feet high, when finished before that year, of visiting Mt. Vernon, the White House, the Capitol and other public buildings.

A National Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes should be organized without delay, or a Gallaudet Centennial commission be appointed by the President of the New York Convention.

C. K. W. S.

REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Cleveland, O.,	June 15th.
Cleveland, O.,	" 18th.
Cincinnati, O.,	" 25th.
St. Louis, Mo.,	July 2d.
Muncie, Ind.,	" 8th.
Indianapolis, Ind.,	" 9th.
Logansport, " "	" 10th.
Lafayette, " "	" 11th.
Fort Wayne, " "	" 12th.
Plymouth, " "	" 13th.
Freeport, Ill.,	" 14th.
Joliet, " "	" 15th.
Chicago, " "	" 16th.
Detroit, Mich.,	" 23th.
East Saginaw, Mich.,	" 24th.
Grand Rapids, " "	" 25th.
Jackson, " "	" 26th.

COLUMBUS.

The Annual Picnic.

(Vigil-Vis, June 10.)

Thursday of last week was the day set for the annual picnic, but the terrific rain storm of Wednesday afternoon put a damper on the expectations of many of the pupils, the conclusion being that no picnic could be had before the middle of the week.

On Thursday the weather proved to be exceptionally fine and the powers that be announced, if a clear sky favored Friday, the fête should be held upon that day. The night previous Almanacs and Weather Prophets were consulted as to the "indications" for the morrow with little or no satisfactory result.

Well Friday came in with a cloudy sky, with now and then a break for Sol to shed his genial rays down upon us. So at 9 o'clock the command was given to march to Long Street via Washington Avenue. Here seven large cars were in waiting, and it took but a few moments to fill them and then away they sped for the old picnic haunt, the County Fair Grounds. Half an hour later all were landed within the campus, the weather growing finer and every one enthusiastic for fun. No time was lost in rigging up swings, staking of croquet grounds, getting balls and bats, etc.

At 12 m. the picnic lunch was announced, and in single file, young and old marched up and got their paper bag of eatables, and fine ones they were, with lemonade to drench them down and cool all off.

The inner man's wants appeased, the grand stand next became an object of interest, where all assembled to witness a series of athletic sports gotten for up the occasion. These held the attention of all until the time for starting home. The winners in the several contests were each presented with a red and blue ribbon badge, a committee of ladies for the purpose bestowing them upon the successful contestants.

The first to come up on the programme was the "Long Kick," the object being to see who could kick the foot-ball the farthest. Charlie Sinift carried off the prize—distance 141 1/2 ft., with Frank Ingraham second best—distance 133 1/2 ft.

The "Best Bat," seeing who could knock the ball farthest was also accorded to Charlie Sinift, he having sent the ball off 295 1/2 ft.

In the "Long Throw" Frank Redington beat 'em all with 322 ft. to his credit.

In the "Three Legged Race," there were three sets or pairs. Messrs. McHale and C. B. Myers were first to come under the home stretch, with Betts and Patton close behind.

The "Tug of war," though it might be said there wasn't much "Tug" about it, as Capt. Frazee with his six aids had it all to themselves.

In the "Running Jump" there were five entries. Messrs. C. H. Greene and C. B. Myers coming out in their three rounds, a fourth round resulted in favor of Myers—distance, 17 ft. 94 inches.

C. H. Greene was declared the victor in the "Standing Jump," going over a distance of 9 ft. 4 inches.

The "100 Yards Dash" brought out ten entries, the signal to start being made by the firing off of a pistol. The time made was 10 seconds, with C. B. Myers coming in first.

One of the ludicrous features of the afternoon was the wheelbarrow race; the way the boys ran into each other, into fences and tumbled over their barrows was enough to set the most sedate to giggling. The contestants were all blindfolded, which added to the amusement of the scene. There were three sets of four entries each. In the first race, George Kinkel came under the wires first after a vigorous tussle with the west fence, but for some reason was not awarded a ribbon. Frank Shannahan carried off the honors of the second group, and Johnny Mullen in the third.

The next thing on the programme, the "Hop Skip and Jump," with four entries, was decided in favor of C. B. Myers with 38 feet 5 1/2 inches marked to his credit.

Next came the Sack Race with four of the boys eager to try their skill. It was won by Frank Shannahan, time 17 seconds.

The boys seemed to have been familiar with the athletic sports of the Grecians, for on the bill was a gladiatorial contest, with stuffed brooms for weapons and strong boys served as steeds. There were four gladiators mounted on the shoulders of as many boys, and some pretty good sparring was done. Willie Lowther succeeded in dismounting his brother warriors and was declared the most worthy knight of 'em all.

Some vaulting—high and low—next came up, and Frank Rodington was pronounced as having accomplished the best feat, distance, 6 feet 4 inches.

The afternoon's sports were now over and it being time for the homeward march, the command was given and a break made for the cars. By six o'clock, the whole family was at home safe and sound, nothing having occurred to mar the joys of the day.

NOTES.

The picnic was a success, so say 'we all.

Not a pupil on the sick list during the day.

Messrs. J. M. Park and P. P. Pratt acted as judges.

As usual, the stars and stripes waved from the flag-staff during the day. Old Doc. came in for a share of work, and it is probably his last of the kind.

Frank Flenniken, Charlie Bower-smith and one or two others tried their legs around the mile track; the first named coming under the wire first. Time, 16 minutes.

The thanks of all are due to the committee, Messrs. Stewart, Schory and Scott, for the excellent programme prepared for the afternoon. But for their labors, the picnic would have been a tame affair indeed.

Little Roads, who has been laid up for some months with a fractured knee, was taken to the grounds by Mrs. Perry, and he seemed to enjoy the change from the hospital to the open air most hugely.

Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Buckland, Misses High and Warner, with Lew Flenniken as guard, gave an exhibition of their walking skill around the mile track and showed that there was some push in them. They did the mile in 19 minutes.

Johnny Mullen, in the wheelbarrow race, seemed determined to go around the whole mile track, and would, no doubt, have done so had not some one out of pity, perhaps, come to his rescue and taken off the blind from his eyes.

The programme, printed copies of which were distributed on the grounds, was just funny in itself. It bore the cut of a short man, with jaws wide open, seeming as if ready to mince any one who came within his reach. In his hands he held aloft a banner, upon which was inscribed in big letters "Fun."

Richmond's Colored Sensation.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS OF THE UN-FILIAL SON—THE BELIEF THAT HE WAS STRICKEN DUMB FOR HIS IMPIETY.

From the New York Herald.

RICHMOND, VA., June 8, 1882.

The congregation of the Rev. Jasper's Mount Zion Baptist Church, (colored), which is located in the thickly settled negro quarter of the city, continue to be excited over the supposed visitation of dumbness on the boy Jimmy Coleman for lying. Jimmy, though formerly a member of the church, is admitted on all sides to be a bad boy. He was addicted not only to lying, but to stealing also, and was once the recipient of twenty lashes, "well laid on," for a theft of sundry valuables from a doctor. This bad record rather enhances the justice of the "visitation" in the minds of the negroes, a great majority of whom are piously of the opinion that Jimmy was afflicted by the Almighty for having used His name in vain when trying to substantiate a lie.

DECEIVING HIS MOTHER.

The story of the "visitation," as investigated to-day, is as follows:—About three weeks ago, Coleman went to his mother and asked her for his best clothes, telling her that he had an arrangement by which he would earn some money. She declined to give him the clothes, and intimated her belief that her son was deceiving her. He declared that he was not, and hoped that God would paralyze his tongue if he was not telling the truth. Jimmy got the clothes and went off. His mother heard nothing from him for several days. Then she received many telegrams from Charlottesville saying that he was very ill and begging her to come to him. Such was the urgency of these telegrams that she went to Charlottesville and found him suffering as alleged from speechlessness. She brought him to Richmond and on last Sunday carried him to church with her. On Monday, he was brought before the vestry of the church and put upon trial. He could or would say nothing, but he wrote out some answers to questions put to him. His defence, if any he advanced, was not of avail. He was expelled from the membership of the church, and was immediately thereafter attacked with fits, four men being required to hold him. This is supposed to have been an attack of epilepsy, but the very fact of it occurring immediately after Jimmy's expulsion from the church confirms the belief among the more ignorant and superstitious of the negroes that he was "struck dumb for lying."

APPARENTLY SPEECHLESS.

Since then, Jimmy Coleman has been going about to all intents and purposes a mute. He mumbles, but is not sufficiently intelligible to be understood, and has now to converse as other mutes do by signs and by writing. The Rev. Jasper says that some people in his congregation believe that Jimmy was punished by Divine Providence for lying. Coleman's mother said:—"I believe God is the same God he was in ancient times, when he commanded Lot to flee from the doomed cities. I believe God has visited him for his disobedience and sins and to bring him to repentance." In reply to a question, Jimmy said that he believed God had punished him so because he deceived his mother. A bystander suggested that the way to test his dumbness was to allow some doctor to subject him to ether or chloroform. Jimmy shook his head. He did not like the idea, and he wrote, "The doctor cannot do enny thing for me." The mother says that the night the boy got the clothes she told him that she hoped he would be paralyzed if he failed to keep his promise. She truly believed and hopes that for that reason he was paralyzed, trusting that it will turn him from wickedness into goodness.

and if he repents the Church can take him back.

THE LATEST.

RICHMOND, VA., June 12.—The alleged dumbness of Jimmy Coleman, the negro ex-member of the Rev. John Jasper's congregation, who was recently said to be stricken for lying, was brought to a sudden termination today by the application of a galvanic battery. Jimmy's mother, in the hope of having him relieved of the curse put upon him for his misdeeds, brought him to a doctor. The medical gentleman, after a careful examination, at first determined to try the effect of chloroform, which was administered with the consent of both Jimmy and his mother. He soon succumbed to the influence of the powerful drug, but all attempts, by sticking him with pins and other artifices, to make him speak while under its influence, failed. A second medical expert was then called on, and after consultation the expedient of the electric current was resolved upon. Jimmy was placed in position, the handles at the extremities of the battery wires being places in his hands. At first the crank was turned slowly and Jimmy stood the test manfully, without exhibiting any signs of weakening. The current was then increased, and soon Jimmy began to twist and squirm in the most approved fashion of a man undergoing a painful operation. This much accomplished, the crank of the battery was vigorously worked and a powerful current was forced through Jimmy's frame. He held the handles with a terrible grip. His face assumed an agonizing expression, and at last his mouth opened and in feeble tones he said, "Stop, Doctor, stop!" Having gained this much of a triumph, the Doctor continued the test with renewed force, and at last Jimmy spoke in the most intelligible manner, "For God's sake, Doctor, stop shooting them handles!" This was sufficient to satisfy the doctors that Jimmy had good use of his tongue, and that the superstitions theory of being stricken dumb for lying was exploded. The crank of the battery ceased its revolutions and Jimmy was released from the ordeal of its powerful influence. He remained quite and refused to speak for some time, until it was again proposed to apply the battery, when he exclaimed, "No, Doctor! no more! No more! I'm cured." The boy was taken home and now the negroes believe that the cure was effected in as mysterious and providential a manner as that by which he originally lost his speech.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

When Mitchell Swett left his father's home, he went to work on a farm for a man in Franconia. The man being unable to see what Mitchell said to him by writing, he left after working two or three weeks. He is now employed by Amos Smith in New Boston, N. H.

On June 3d, the Bennington Base Ball Club beat the Antrim club by the score of 18 to 8, at Antrim, N. H.

Saturday, the 17th inst., will undoubtedly witness a game of ball between the Antrim's and the Henniker Club at Hillsboro. Mr. E. H. French would be pleased if Messrs. Kellom and Owen would go and see the game.

Wednesday evening last, Mr. E. H. French and brother attended a party at the residence of Mr. Wilkins. There were twenty-five young persons at the party. They had a splendid time. They are talking of holding a party at Jameson's Hall in Antrim some time next fall. If they do, they want all the young people who were at Mr. Wilkins' to be present. On Decoration Day, Messrs. Thomas Brown, Owen and Kollom, of Hillsboro, received a visit from Mr. French. This gentleman would like Mr. Green, of Worcester, Mass., to write to him through the JOURNAL if a nine cannot be organized to play his nine a match game of ball in Norwich, Ct., next August.

BROTHER JONATHAN.

ANTRIM, N. H., June 10, '81.

C. L. A. Excursion.

The Sixth Annual Excursion of the Clerk Literary Association, combining with the excursion of the Sunday School of the First Baptist Church to Lakeside Park, N. J., twelve miles from Philadelphia, by the Camden and Atlantic City Railroad, will be given Wednesday, July 5th, 1882.

Several games, such as running, boat races, etc



## FORDHAM INSTITUTION.

### The Ladies Who Founded It.

#### ITS RECENT EXHIBITION.

(From the Sunday Mercury, June 4.)

How comparatively few of our people know that within fifteen minutes by rail from New York, embowered amid beautifully laid out grounds, there is an institution of learning of which an Ipswich or Oxford might well be proud. An institution that for more than a decade has gladdened not only thousands of children who, in the providence of God, are deaf-mutes, but has also brought joy to hundreds of households, in the knowledge of the fact that, all hopes of education for these unfortunate children need not be abandoned, but that under beneficent and pious hands, their religious, moral, educational and industrial interests were so kindly provided for that they were rendered even happy and contented.

St. Joseph's Institute owes its origin to a number of pious ladies, prominent among whom were Victorine Bocher, President; Mary B. Morgan, Vice-President and Principal; Annie M. Larkin, Treasurer and Secretary, and Teresa Lambert, Margaret Cosgrove, Ellen Phalen, Cecilia Blerber as Trustees, all of whom still remain and abide with it as active co-workers in their great mission of affection and love for that class of unfortunate children. Impelled by the knowledge of that fact that hitherto only asylums had existed for such children, they were impressed with the belief that these little waifs might, in very many instances, be not only well instructed in the English branches of education, but also in all that relates to Christian life and character. Patiently they toiled under great disadvantages, and only at first under such aid as Christian charity accorded to them. At last the great merits and deservings of the institution were recognized not only by annual appropriations of our State and city authorities, but also by numerous counties in the State which have sent children to their care. Prominent among these is Kings County, which contributed last year \$11,862.85. The entire receipts for 1881 were \$57,071.90, and the expenditures \$52,200.87. The average attendances is about 250, the sexes about evenly divided.

The Institute is not an asylum in that sense of the word (although it amply provides for those in whom all hopes of instruction must be abandoned, but this, by the way, Miss Morgan, the accomplished principal will rarely admit), but an institute for the improved instruction of deaf-mutes. To this end a corps of sixteen lady instructors have charge of the various departments of sign language and lip reading inaugurated to such an extent that all the pupils, even those of not more than four years, invariably practice it. It is perfectly wonderful how quickly many of them make themselves understood. Among the elder ones, a recitation, even in poetry, by some favorite author, is often made amid the approving plaudits of not the listeners, but the seer of the signs, which to them are as eloquent as words of the choicest rhetoric. Rev. Father M. Costin (Society of Jesus), who for years has taken a deep interest in the institute, has so perfected himself in the sign language that he is able to preach to them, and nothing seems to afford them more pleasure than to intently fix their eyes on his nimble gestures as he thus unfolds to them the story of the Cross. There is a halo of religion and purity about St. Joseph's—its scrupulously clean halls and corridors, its chapel, with its beautiful altar; its dormitories, with their snow-white coverlets and equally white floor; its parlor, recitation rooms, play rooms and kitchens—all betoken a "cleanliness which is indeed next to godliness."

A literary and musical entertainment was recently given by the pupils under the direction of Miss Morgan and her corps of instructors. A large number of invited guests graced the occasion, prominent among whom were Rev. H. Kavanagh, Rev. P. W. Gockelyn, Rev. M. Costin, Rev. Father McDonnell, D.D., Rev. F. Thordyke, McSorley, Kerby, Loughman, Archer and Creamer, Mrs. Purroy, Mrs. Uhl, Mrs. Kearns, Mrs. Creamer, Mrs. Dennerhin, Mrs. Weldon, the Misses Loughman, Kerby, O'Connor, and many others. The programme consisted of recitations and dialogues in the sign-language, piano music, exercises in articulation and lip-reading, arithmetic, geography, etc., a little comedy in the sign-language, fairy dance, the naughty doll, etc. Twelve young misses, varying between the ages of 6 and 16, represented the months. January was the first to begin, and each in their turn, down to December, gave appropriate recitations in the sign-language, which were marvels of grace and beauty of expression. Miss Ellen O'Connor, a proficient teacher in lip-reading and articulation, gave some short exercises

in arithmetic and geography. She gave varied questions, and simply by the movement of her lips the entire class were able to understand what she asked and promptly answered, either by articulation or in writing on the black-board. A piano duet by Miss Ticknor and Miss Wilkins (deaf from birth) was beautifully rendered, and received rounds of applause.

The festival on the Banks of the Rhine was a little comedy in the sign language. "The Countess" was represented by a young miss still in her teens, who rendered her part so effectively as to win encomiums on all sides. The young lady possesses not only great beauty of face, but also a grace and expression very rarely seen—

Around her shone those nameless charms, Unmarked by her alone.

"Dame Ducks's Lecture" followed, all in signs, very sweetly recited by a beautiful little cherub only about 5 years of age. One of the gems was, "The Naughty Doll," by a graceful, little mite of hardly 4 years. Her charming little gestures and movements plainly told that she was chiding her doll, and it was quite as intelligible to all as if she had spoken it in a clear voice.

A duet, piano and violin, very nicely rendered by Miss and Master Dennerhin, closed the delightful entertainment.

Too much more cannot be said in praise of Miss Mary B. Morgan, the devoted principal of the institute, under whose direction, ably assisted by her corps of untiring instructors, St. Joseph's Institute now takes the lead of all similar institutions, and is eminently deserving of the offerings and prayers of all the faithful. Favorable mention must also be made of Miss Josephine O'Connor, who gives instruction to the children in fancy needlework. She is undefeatable in the good work, and it results in enabling many of the children to cut and fit their own dresses and clothing.

Suffer little children to come unto Me, and for bid them not.

#### Unscrewing the Top of a Fruit Jar.

There is one thing that there should be a law passed about, and that is these fruit jars, with a top that screws on. It should be made a criminal offence, punishable with death or banishment to Chicago, for a person to manufacture a fruit jar, for preserving fruit, with a top that screws on. Those jars look nice when the fruit is put up in them, and the house-wife feels as though she was repaid for all her perspiration over a hot stove, as she looks at the glass jars of different berries, on the shelf in the cellar. The trouble does not begin until she has company and decides to tap a little of her choice fruit. After the supper is well under way, she sends for a jar, and tells a servant to unscrew the top and pour the fruit into a dish.

The girl brings it into the kitchen and proceeds to unscrew the top. She works gently at first, then gets mad, wrenches at it, sprains her wrist, and begins to cry, with her nose on the underside of her apron. Then the little housewife takes hold of the fruit can smilingly, and says she will show the girl how to take off the top. She sits down on the wood box, takes the glass jar between her knees and runs out her tongue and twists. But the cover does not twist. The cover seems to feel as though it was placed there to keep guard over that fruit, and it is as immovable as the Egyptian pyramids. The little lady works until she is red in the face, and until her crimps all come down, and then she sets it away to wait for the old man to come home.

He comes in, and when the case is laid before him, he goes out in the kitchen, pulls off his coat and takes the jar. He remarks that he is at loss to know what women are made for anyhow. He says they are all right to sit around and do crochet work, but when strategy, brain and muscles are required, then they can't get along without a man. He tries to unscrew the cover, and his thumb slips off and knocks the skin of the off his knuckle. He breathes a silent prayer and calls for the kerosene can, and pours a little oil into the crevice, and let it soak, and then he tries again and swears audibly. Then he calls for a tack hammer, and taps the cover gently on one side, the glass jar breaks, and the juice runs around. Enough of the fruit is saved for supper, and the old man goes up the back stairs to tie his thumb up in a rag and change his pants.

All come to the table smiling as though nothing had happened, and the housewife don't allow any of the family to have any cause for fear they will get broken glass into their stomachs, but the "company" is provided for generously, and all would be well only for a remark of a little boy, who when asked if he will have more of the sauce, says he "don't" want no strawberries pickled in kerosene. The smiling little hostess steals a smell of the sauce, while they are discussing politics, and believes she does smell kerosene, and she looks at the old man kind or spunky, when he glances at the rag on his thumb and asks if there is no liniment in the house. The preserving of fruit in glass jars is broken up in that house, and four dozen jars down in cellar are to lay upon the lady's mind till she can get a chance to send some of them to a charity picnic. The glass-jar-fruit-can business is played out, unless a scheme can be invented to get the top off.

Spanish proverb: The man who stumbles twice on the same thing is a fool.

#### Robert Houdin in Algeria.

In the August number of the *Musaeum*, we related some of the tricks of Robert Houdin, the Great French magician, who was sent by the Government of France to Algeria, to perform before the wild Arabs, in order to impress them with a belief in the supernatural powers of the French.

Some more of his experiences may prove interesting to our readers.

One of the wild Arab chiefs, after witnessing his performances at Algiers, had invited Robert Houdin and his wife to visit him at his village in the interior. After a long and rather dangerous journey, they reached the house of the chief, whose name was Bou-Allen. The kind of people they found may be inferred, when he says that his host drew out from the dish a bone with meat hanging to it, then after tearing off some pieces with his nails, offered them to Madame Houdin.

"After dinner," he says "we proceeded to another room, and on the road were joined by a young Arab whom Bou-Allen had sent for. This man had been for a long time servant at Algiers, and spoke French excellently; hence he would serve as our interpreter.

"We entered a small room very elegantly decorated, in which were two divans.

"This," our host said, is the room reserved for guests of distinction; you can go to bed when you like, but if you are not tired, I would ask your leave to present you several chief men of my tribe, who, having heard of you, wish to see you."

"Let them come in," I said, after consulting Madame Houdin, "we will receive them with pleasure."

"The interpreter went out, and soon brought in a dozen old men, among whom were a Marabout and several talebs whom a bash-ag appeared to hold in great deference.

"They sat down in a circle on carpets and kept up a very lively conversation about my performances at Algiers. This learned society discussed the probability of the marvels related by the chief of the tribe, who took great pleasure in depicting his impressions, and those of his co-religionists, of the miracles I had performed.

"Each lent an attentive ear to these stories, and regarded me with a species of veneration; the Marabout alone displayed a degree of skepticism, and asserted that the spectators had been duped by what he called a vision.

"Jealous of my reputation as a French sorcerer, I thought I must perform before the unbeliever a few tricks as a specimen of my late performance. I had the pleasure of astounding my audience, but the Marabout continued to offer me a systematic opposition, by which his neighbors were visibly annoyed; the poor fellow did not suspect, though, what I had in store for him.

"My antagonist wore in his sash a watch, the chain of which hung outside.

"I believe I have already mentioned a certain talent I possess of flic-ing a watch, a pin, a pocket-book, etc., with a skill by which several of my friends have been victimized. "I was fortunately born with an honest and upright heart, or this peculiar talent might have led me too far. When I felt inclined for a joke of this nature, I turned it to profit in a conjuring trick, or waited till my friend took leave of me, and then recalled him: 'Stay,' I would say, handing him the stolen article, 'let this serve as a warning to put you on your guard against persons less honest than myself."

"But to return to our Marabout. I had stolen his watch as I passed near him and slipped into its place a five-franc piece.

"To prevent his detecting it, and while waiting till I could profit by my larceny, I improvised a trick. After juggling away Bou-Allen's rosary, I made it pass into one of the numerous slippers left at the door by the guests; this shoe was next found to be full of coins, and to end this little scene comically, I made five-franc pieces come out of the noses of the spectators.

They took such pleasure in this trick that I fancied I should never terminate it. "Douras! Douras!" they shouted, as they twitched their noses. "I willingly acceded to their request, and the *douras* issued at their command.

"The delight was so great that several Arabs rolled on the ground; this comically expressed joy on the part of Mohammedans was worth frenzied applause to me.

"I pretended to keep aloof from the Marabout, who, as I expected, remained serious and impassive.

"When calm was restored, my rival began speaking hurriedly to his neighbors, as if striving to dispel their illusions, and not succeeding, he addressed me through the interpreter:

"You will not deceive me in that way he said, with a crafty look.

"Why so?"

"Because I don't believe in your power."

"Ah, indeed! Well, then, if you do not believe in your power, I will compel you to believe in my skill."

"Neither in one nor the other."

"I was at this moment the whole length of the room from the Marabout.

"Stay," I said to him; "you see this five-franc piece."

"Yes."

"Close your hand firmly, for the piece will go into it in spite of yourself."

He did as I directed, and when I had thrown, or pretended to throw the coin, he opened his hand

with a smile of triumph. The coin was not there.

"That does not surprise me," I replied, "for I threw the piece with such strength that it went right through your hand, and has fallen into your sash. Being afraid I might break your watch by the blow, I called it to me; here it is!" And I showed him the watch in my hand.

"The Marabout quickly put his hand in his waist-belt, to assure himself of the truth, and was quite stupefied at finding the five-franc piece.

"The spectators were astounded. Some among them began telling their beads with a vivacity evidencing an agitation of mind; but the Marabout frowned without saying a word, and I saw he was spelling over some evil design."

"I now believe in your supernatural power," he said; "you are a real sorcerer; hence I hope you will not fear to repeat here a trick you performed in your theatre; and offering me two pistols he held concealed beneath his burnous, he added, 'Come, choose one these pistols; we will load it, and I will fire at you. You have nothing to fear, as you can ward off all blows.'

"I confess I was for a moment staggered; I sought a subterfuge and found none. All eyes were fixed upon me, a reply was anxiously awaited.

"The Marabout was triumphant.

"Bou-Allen, being aware that my tricks were only the result of skill, was angry that his guest should be so pestered; hence he began reproaching the Marabout. I stopped him, however, for an idea occurred to me which would save me from my dilemma, at least temporarily; then, addressing my adversary:

"You are aware," I said, with assurance, that I require a talisman in order to be invulnerable, and unfortunately, I have left mine at Algiers."

"The Marabout began laughing with an incredulous air.

"Still," I continued, "I can do without the talisman, and defy your weapon. To-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, I will allow you to fire at me in the presence of these Arabs, who were witnesses of your challenge."

"Bou-Allen, astonished at such a promise, asked me once again if this offer were serious, and if he should invited the company for the appointed hour. On my affirmative, they agreed to meet before the stone bench I have already alluded to.

"I did not spend all my night at prayer, as may be supposed, but employed about two hours in insuring my invulnerability; then satisfied with the result, I slept soundly, for I was terribly tired.

"By eight the next morning we had breakfasted, our horses were saddled, and our escort was awaiting the signal for our departure, which would take place after the famous experiment.

"None of the guests were absent, and, indeed, a great number of Arabs came in to swell the crowd.

"The pistols were handed to me; I called attention to the fact that the vents were clear, and the Marabout put in a fair charge of powder and drove the wad home. Among the bullets which I produced, I chose one which I openly put in the pistol, and which was then covered with paper.

"The Arab watched all these movements, for his honor was at stake.

"We went through the same process with the second pistol, and the solemn moment arrived.

"Solemn, indeed, it seemed to everybody—to the spectators who were uncertain of the issue, to Madame Houdin, who had in vain besought me to give up this trick, for she feared the result—and solemn also to me, for as my new trick did not depend on any of the arrangements made at Algiers, I feared an error, an act of treachery—I knew not what.

"Still I posted myself at fifteen paces from the sheik, without evincing the slightest emotion.

"The Marabout immediately seized one of the pistols, and on my giving the signal, took deliberate aim at me. The pistol went off, and the ball appeared between my teeth.

"More angry than ever, my rival tried to seize the other pistol, but I succeeded in reaching it before him.

"You could not injure me," I said to him, "but you shall see that my aim is more dangerous than yours. Look at the wall."

"I pulled the trigger, and on the newly white-washed wall appeared a large patch of blood, exactly at the spot where I had aimed.

"The Marabout went up to it, dipped his finger in the blood, and raising it to his mouth, convinced himself of the reality. When he acquired this certainty, his arms fell, and his head was bowed on his chest, as if he were annihilated.

"It was evident that for the moment he doubted everything, even the Prophet.

"The spectators raised their eyes to heaven, muttered prayers, and regarded me with a species of terror.

"This scene was a triumphant termination to my performance. I therefore retired, leaving the audience under the impression I had produced. We took leave of Bou-Allen and his son, and set off at a gallop.

"The trick I have just described, though so curious, is easily prepared. I will give a description of it, while explaining the trouble it took me.

"As soon as I was alone in my room I took out of my pistol case—without which I never travel—a bullet mould.

"I took a card, bent up the four edges, and thus made a sort of trough, in which I placed a piece of wax taken from one of the candles. When it was melted, I mixed with it a little lamp-black I had obtained

by putting the blade of a knife over the candle, and then ran this composition in the bullet-mould.

"Had I allowed the liquid to get quite cold, the ball would have been full and solid; but in about ten seconds I turned the mould over, and the portions of the wax not yet set ran out, leaving a hollow ball in the mould. This operation is the same as that used in making tapers, the thickness of the outside depending on the time the liquid has been left in the mould.

"I wanted a second ball, which I made rather more solid than the other; and this I filled with blood, and covered the orifice with a lump of wax. A Irishman had once taught me the way to draw blood from the thumb without feeling any pain, and I employed it on this occasion to fill my bullet.

"Bullets thus prepared, bear an extraordinary resemblance to lead, and are easily mistaken for that metal when seen at a short distance off.

"With this explanation the trick will be easily understood. After showing the leaden bullet to the spectators, I changed it for my hollow ball, and openly put the latter into the pistol. By pressing the wad tightly down, the wax broke into small pieces, and could not touch me at the distance I stood.

"At the moment the pistol was fired, I opened my mouth to display the lead bullet I held between my teeth, while the other pistol contained the bullet filled with blood, which bursting against the wall, left its imprint, though the wax had flown to atoms."—*Children's Museum.*

#### FASHION NOTES.

—Terra-cotta color is popular. —Mandarin yellow is again in favor.

—Strong colors are employed for garnishing.

—Terra-cotta color has come out in many shades. —Gloves a yard long are imported to wear with dresses that have short sleeves.

—Terra-cotta, in the stronger shades, runs into the red, known as Pompeian red.

—Pompeian red is one of the favorite colors in wall-papering and house draperies.

—Strong red is worn in costumes on the street. Acquaintance with it makes it seem handsome.

—Pourtiers of silk plush in Pompeian red, banded with tortoise blue, are considered very stylish.

—A dark red parasol for general wear, a white parasol for dress, and a black one for use are the popular choice.

—White flannel costumes, trimmed with narrow titan braid, in white, black and colors, are being made for the seaside wear.

—Puffed plastrons, with the puffs shirred horizontally, gives stylish finish to dress corsages, but puffed sleeves detract from the effect.

—Sateen, in French porcelain designs, is taking the place, to a great extent, of foulard silk in fanciful costumes for the house and water-ing-place wear.

—Superb mantles for church and for visiting are made of black grenadine, with brocaded velvet figures of great size, and silk hand-made Spanish lace for trimming.

—The mantlet in highest request for general service, is of modified dolman design, most frequently made of eoru French cloth of light weight, trimmed with chenille fringe.

—Ornamental pins of bright colors with round or oval heads are used with much display in millinery, especially for fastening the long loops of great bows that would otherwise flap ungracefully.

—Square neckerchiefs, of *ciel* blue or pink *mousseline de soie*, with scallops and vines wrought in resesud or violet pattern, are worn with white muslin or black dresses, and the effect is very pretty.

—Stripes of satin alternating with checked stripes are in great favor for the pleated flounces of walking dresses. The overdress is then made of the plain color of the satin stripes, and may be either of satin or cashmere.

—A popular style of papering is with the grounding on the wall of some one of the colors mentioned, and the frieze of another and contrasting color, eighteen inches deep. The two colors are divided by a very narrow gilt molding.

—Late costumes for young ladies in their teens, have the skirt all around tucked two-thirds its depth, and the tucking continued on the back to the edge of the basque; with a short apron draped in wavy curved folds.

—Persian cloths of mixed silk and wool, in dull, soft colors, oddly blended, and in characteristic designs of palms, crescents, shields and arabesques, are made up into mantles and trimmed with ruches of sleek chenille, or of Chinese silks of all colors of the stuffs.

—Young ladies usually wear the casquin jacket on the street; or the pashmina waist, made with a short point in front; military trimming, in strips of plain braid, placed an inch apart, or of large silk, or worsted cord and frog buttons, is the most fashionable finish for cloth or flannel costumes.

KISSING THE BRIDE.—At the marriage of John Russel Young to Miss Coleman, at Hartford, recently, General Grant was a guest, and when the ceremony was over the company waited for the general to take precedence in extending congratulations.

The general went forward, leading his pretty little grandchild: "Won't you kiss the lady?" The bride caught the child in her arms, kissed it, and then looking up blushing, said: "I would like to kiss the grandfather, too, if I dared." The veteran warrior, who had faced a blazing battery, all at once became a trembling sheepish, but conscious that the bride was peeping at him from behind drooping eyelids that was waiting for him to say or do something, mechanically extends his head, and the next moment a fair face was in his beard, imprinting a kiss upon the line that marked his mouth. He seemed to be in a tremor as he grasped his grandchild's hand and backed away. All the young gallants were surprised at the cowardice of an old soldier before a pair of fresh, inviting lips.—*New York Graphic.*

#### Useful Scraps.

In making a crust of any kind, do not melt the lard in flour. Melting injures the crust.

In boiling eggs, put them in boiling water. It will prevent the yolk from coloring black.

Cream that is to be whipped should not be butter cream, lest in whipping it change to butter.

Single cream is cream that has stood on the milk twelve hours. It is best for tea or coffee.

A few dried or preserved cherries, with the stones out, are the very best thing possible to garnish sweet dishes.

In Potosi the most violent headaches, so very common there, are cured by putting the feet in hot water.

Double cream stands on its milk twenty-four hours, and cream for butter frequently stands for forty-eight hours.

Salt extracts the juices of meat in cooking. Steaks ought therefore not to salted until they have been boiled.

In rolling dumplings of any kind put them in water one at a time. If they are put in together they will mix with each other.

To beat the whites of eggs quickly, put in a pinch of salt. The cooler the eggs the quicker they will froth. Salt cools and also freshens them.

If the collar or cuff be too stiff to button easily, pass the finger a little dampened with water to the button-hole and you will have no further trouble.

A palatable drink for a fever patient is made by peeling and slicing some good tart apples, scattering white sugar over them and pouring boiling water over them. When cold, pour off the water, and drink.

To keep your knives and fork from rusting, making a flannel bag, and stitch from top to bottom, an inch and a half apart, a dozen times, making a receptacle for each. Roll, and keep in a dry place.

Never hem a bruise or tissue veil with sewing silk; take some of the ravelings of the material, thread a coarse needle with it and hem the veil. The stitches will not show at all if small ones are taken.

#### Facts for Farmers.

Encourage the little wrens by building suitable boxes for them. They are invaluable as insect destroyers.

It has been discovered that common pine posts, if saturated with coal oil and then boiled in coal tar, will remain in the ground ten years perfectly sound.

It is not proper to keep ducks and chickens in the same yard. The broad bill of the duck enables it to gormandize and, being a voracious feeder, it is likely to deprive other fowls of their share of feed.

Where a person has the facilities for breeding them, no other kind of poultry pays as well as ducks. They are hardy, easy to rear and do not require so much water for their real needs as many persons suppose.

Washing with kerosene and water, or anointing with sulphur ointment, will kill lice on hogs. In the stables use quicklime, carbolic acid, petroleum or turpentine, first deluging them with boiling water. Persian insect powder in the beds will kill the lice.

To kill butternut and locust bushes, girdle them around a root or so above the ground at a time when the sap is running—in June or July—and peel the bark off the trees, little or big, and there will be no trouble about their sprouting, and the roots will soon rot out.

A farmer states that he uses only coal-gas tar to prevent the ravages of the potato beetle. He puts a gallon of tar in a tub, over which he pours boiling water, which is allowed to settle and cool. This is sprinkled over the vine with an ordinary sprinkler. A gallon of tar costing 75 cents, suffices for several acres of potatoes.

In handling fowls an expert says: If you catch a bird leaving its wings free a desperate struggle will ensue, likely to injure exhibition plumage, or to distract the broody hen from her vocation. Approach the bird from behind, place both hands firmly and quickly right over the wing joints, then slip the right hand down and secure the legs firmly. All fluttering will thus be avoided, and the bird held by the legs, the left hand under the breast, will not offer resistance.

## WATCHES

AND

## JEWELRY

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Stem-winding, \$50 to \$75 and upwards.

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Stem-winding, \$12 to \$18.

Our reputation for good time-keeping Watches has been known for forty years, and our standard is better than ever.

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